

SABBATH IN THE WOODS.

Oh, sweet peace day of rest,
Afar from worldly noise,
Mid nature's summer joys
God is my soul's pure guest;

MATCH MAKING.

"Yes, I am sure that would be the best plan," mused Jean Scott aloud, clasping her hands around her knees, and looking up through the trees at a little patch of clear sky shining down between the leaves.

It was Sunday afternoon, and Jean sat out under a big oak tree in the front yard. A book lay on the grass beside her, and a little crippled chicken, rescued from the horse lot, nestled in a fold of her buff linen gown.

The matter had not disturbed Jean until two things occurred. Her father suffered some reverses of fortune, and Victor came up from New Orleans.

The color leaped to her cheeks at sight of him, and a thrill shot through her heart. How happy any woman might be to win his love—he looked so brave and handsome.

"You take compassion on all afflicted creatures?" he remarked, glancing down at the little downy chick which rested on the grass, with its broken leg bound up with a bit of linen.

"Why, John!" he rather gruffly replied. "Why have you not been round to see us. Didn't know that I would be welcome."

"What for? Now you are very unreasonable, and if you want to know anything more, you must ask Phoebe."

"Poor fellow, he does love her. It was a shame to make him suffer so," she thought, watching him as he walked on blithely whistling.

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the west, and the yard was all in deep purplish shade, when Phoebe came out where her younger sister reposed on the grass, her hands clasped over her knees, her eyes like the eyes of a dreamer.

Wept, Sang and Danced.

A gentleman, who was a first-class performer of Scotch music on the violin, spent a winter at Exeter, and, of course, soon became acquainted with the musical dilettanti of the place.

"He did, but I sent him away," said Jean firmly. "Sent him away?" "Yes."

"I'll tell you what," says the fiddler, "I'll lay you a bet of five pounds that if a party of Scotchmen can be got together, I'll make them shed tears one minute, sing the next, and dance the third."

At length it came, and as the last four bars of the tune died away like the distant echoes of a cannon, there was not a dry eye among the company.

"Scotland forever!" cried Jamie, and in an instant tables, chairs and glasses were scattered in all directions, the whole party dancing and jumping like madmen.

"I really cannot tell you where Mr. Stuart is. It is not pleasant to hear him called 'that fellow.'"

"What for? Now you are very unreasonable, and if you want to know anything more, you must ask Phoebe."

"Not for the world," she cried quickly and with energy. "Why not? I do assure you I will keep the secret, if secret it be, and give all the comfort I can."

"Thank you; but I am not in need of sympathy," she said, walking on. He kept at her side, carrying his gun on one arm.

"Well, I am, for I love a girl—a sweet, beautiful, loveable girl; but I am afraid she does not love me."

"Have you asked her?" she managed to say very steadily. "It was dreadful to hear him talk of that girl."

"Then say you will be my wife Jean, for you are my love!"

A Long Way to a Wedding.

A youngerson of the Duke of Argyll having become engaged to Lady ..., as in duty bound, asked his father's consent.

"To the queen goes the marquis immediately and informs her of his brother's wishes. The monarch, however, replied: 'Since Heaven deprived me, I have made an inflexible rule to take no step in the affairs of my house without first referring the matter to my brother-in-law, the duke of Coburg. I will write to him.'"

The duke then directs his steps to the Wilhelmstrasse, and sends in his card to the mighty minister. Being immediately admitted he reads the queen's letter, faithfully reports the words of the emperor, and begs for a favorable decision.

"I was one day following one of the large breaking plows common at that time. It was drawn by five or six yoke of oxen, and there were two men to manage the plough and the team."

When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar.

Women always show by their actions that they enjoy going to church; men are less demonstrative.

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Some women can't pass a millinery store without looking in; some men can't pass a saloon without going in.

When a woman is asked by a fond lover for her heart and hand and says "No," she don't always mean it; when a man is asked by a jovial friend if he will take something and says "No," he don't always mean it either.

Moonlight Photographs.—A valuable new process of photographing on the stone and printing off with ink has recently been introduced. It is termed the "ink photo" process, and copies of paintings, drawings and photographs in preparing drawings for reproduction by it, there should be no pure blues tints; Indian ink mixed with them. Drawings in sepia and black give excellent results.

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The oldest inhabitant in the zoological collection in the Regent's Park, London, has just died. This interesting individual was a specimen of the black parrot from Madagascar. It was presented to the society by the late Mr. Charles Telfair, a corresponding member, so far back as July, 1850. Just two years after the gardens were opened. This bird has, therefore, lived fifty-four years in the gardens. How old the parrot was when it arrived is not learned beyond the fact that it was represented as an "adult bird." The ancient black Vava parrot seemed, until very recently, to have carried his half century of years lightly enough, nevertheless his keeper remarked that he was a little dull of late, although he fed well. One morning, however, the parrot was found dead in his cage, having previously shown no symptoms of ill-health.

The Gardens of Rome.

Rome is the city of gardens. Where else can we recall such masses of evergreen verdure, such thickets of alon and lentisk, such groves of unbragous pines, embowering the vast and stately palaces within the walls?

The Ludovisi gardens, widely ranging and richly planted, offer as their proud contribution to Roman heritage Guercino's beautiful fresco of the Dawn driving horses up the pearly slopes of heaven. The light of the new-born day is upon her face; the faint breeze gently lifts her hair; flowers are scattered beneath her chariot wheels. Before her speed the flying Hours, bearing their unknown gifts to men:

Behind the ear, the beautiful Genius of the Day, bearing the torch, occupies one of the alcoves of the summer house. Opposite sits a woman with a book on her knee, a sleeping child beside her, and around her flit the wide winged birds of night.

The gallery of stately busts the Ludovisi Juno, colossal, statue, divinely fair. Silence reigns upon her parted lips; the calm of majestic repose rests upon her serene and level brows. Hers "that large utterance of the earthly gods," which, when she speaks will compel us to silence. In the ampler ether, amid which she is wont to dwell, what knows she of our world of petty woe? where old Hesiod puts it, "by day as well as by night, diseases unbidden haunt mankind, silently bearing ill to men."

But the Doria Pamphili gardens summons us to gather cyclamen and hyacinth amid their shades and waters and groves and lawns. This was once the garden of Galba, and upon the green and level lawn stands a little heathen altar representing the Pius Antonius Imp, sacrificing to his household gods. No sod here is ever turned or soil removed, but fragments of sculpture, sarcophagi, busts and cippi or funeral urns are brought to light; and the Columbia are singularly interesting and perfect. In a square chamber approached by a stair and a door are the many niches, each of which contains in its pictured urn the ashes and half-consumed bones of some dead ancestor. The walls are ornamented with graceful arabesques of birds and flowers, of genti and lilies. A group of dwarfs disturbed in their antics by a crocodile advancing from a lake is curiously grotesque. In an instant we are transported back some twenty centuries as we linger over the sharply cut and graceful inscriptions to the conch dulcissima, or the loved and lamented lili et lilii of those long past days. Within a single recess several cippi are not unfrequently accommodated, with praiseworthy economy of space. It is said that extensive catacombs range from these princely gardens to Rome, of which the view, seen through the stems of the pines and ilex groves, is one of the most delightful imaginable, and prompts one to exclaim, with Shelley:

"O Rome! O life! O time! O Rome! O Rome! O Rome! O Rome! When will return the glory of your primer?"

An Old Parrot.

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Women -- Men.

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